

Can This Be True?

It's Just as the Plumber Told It
and It Goes in for Mental Stunts

By Robert Rudd Whiting.

"ONE of this mental suggestion business for mine," said the Boss Plumber decidedly. "Still, I don't know as I really ought to have any klemmings. It brought me a nice, fat job last week."

"Queer old guy over in Jersey. Not quite queer enough to be a college professor or in an asylum, but goes in for suggestion, mental telepathy, psychology, crystal balls and all that sort of stuff. He told me a lot about this suggestion job while I was on the job over there."

"It seems that he'd got worried over the cost of coal and wood, and got the hunch that if he could only get his mind really convinced of the fact that it was nice and warm when the thermometer was down below freezing it might help out."

"He got an artist friend to paint the portrait of a nice little cozy fire on a back drop for him, and hung it up in the fireplace just to help him concentrate."

"Say, it worked fine. When he really got his mind set on it he didn't have to use any wood at all, and he only had to burn one-third as much coal in the cellar furnace."

"All fine and dandy. But the trouble with those kind of guys is that they never know when to let well enough alone. Nothing would do but what he had to figure out some sort of a scheme whereby he could heat the whole house. 'Finally he thought he'd hit upon it. He bought a moving picture machine,

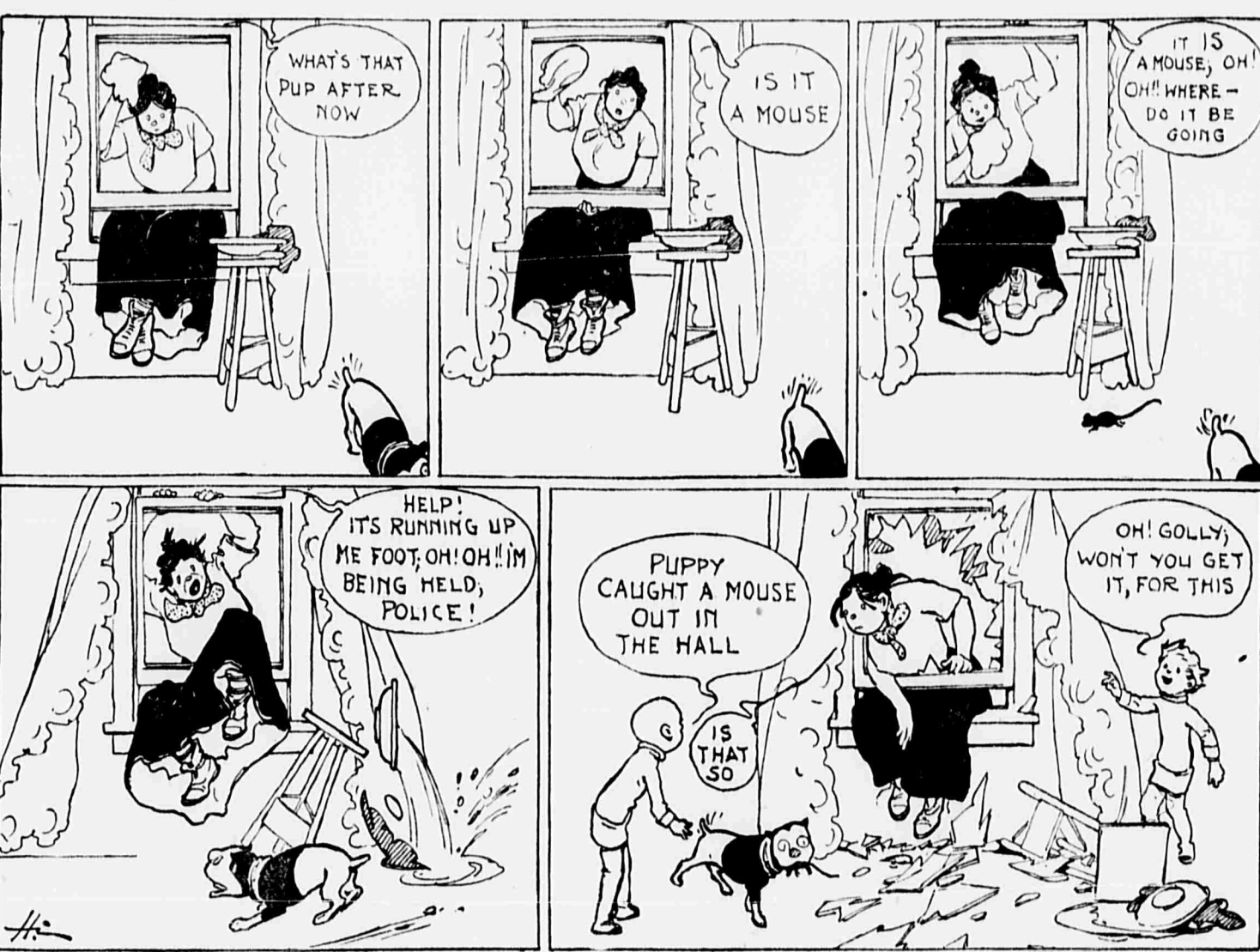
hung a sheet in place of a back drop and threw moving pictures on it of a roaring wood blaze. 'For the first few days he kept a little fire going in the furnace just to help out in case something should distract his mind, but when he gained confidence and got that hot stuff imagination of his really working on it, he was able to heat the whole blooming house from cellar to attic, all by suggestion."

"Why, sometimes when his brain was fresh and he hadn't anything else to worry him, he used to have to take up the evening paper and read the President's message to Congress for that day just to take his mind off the fire and give the house a chance to cool off. 'One evening an old friend he hadn't seen for thirteen years dropped in. For awhile he seemed almost frozen and complained that the house was like an ice box. But just as soon as the old gezer had shot a little heat suggestion into him by mental telepathy he began to thaw out and get comfortable. 'Well, they were sitting there in front of the roaring moving picture, talking over old college days (don't you remember the time, Jim, you put the cow in the chapel belfry?), when the visitor without thinking threw a lighted match into the fireplace."

"Say, a moment later the sheet was ablaze, and—made it doubly warm, you should think? Not on your life! 'When that poor old codger saw his pet mind-concentrator all ablaze his one best thought was that his nice, warm fire was going up in flames. The very suggestion of it caused a 40-degree drop in the temperature and the bursting of frozen water pipes throughout the house sounded as if a somebody was setting off fre crackers. King's size, all in a bunch. 'That's how I happened to be called in."

The Jollys' Bull Pup

By H. Coultas



A Remarkable Case.

HE BEGAN after the usual form, to wit: 'I have a little boy at home who'

They interrupted him after much the usual form, to wit: 'Pardon me, old man. I must be going along. Sorry I can't wait, but I'm due at the office.' 'Just a minute,' he urged, button-holing the two nearest. 'I won't take me a minute.' They sighed and resigned themselves. 'All I want to say,' he went on, 'is that I have a little boy at home who never said a bright thing in his life. They grasped his hands with a thankfulness that could find no expression in words, and then he added: 'He's too smart. He can't talk yet.'

Fat Foods and Their Uses.

By Dr. L. F. Bryson.

IT is impossible to say what will please in the way of fat food. The only way is to experiment, feeling sure that the right thing will eventually appear. When commonplace fat offends something new and strange will often inspire respect and be received with delight. Children who scorn fat in the abstract seldom refuse a light, well-made suet pudding. Toast and dripping is a combination that has been known to charm when less humble fare is declined. Toffee, which is a combination of equal parts of sugar and melted butter, is a highly nutritious substance that is a general favorite among children. Given at the end of a meal, it can seldom do harm. Equal parts of chopped fat, meat, lean meat, and bread crumbs, the whole lightly seasoned with pepper and salt and a dash of powdered sugar, make an agreeable filling for sandwiches that are often acceptable to those who insist that they do not like fat.—Harper's Bazar.

Wonders of Science.

"THIS compartment, ladies and gents," said the dime museum lecturer, "is a fine specimen of the wonderful animal known as the armadillo. I call your attention particularly to its hard, horny epidermis, or more properly its shell, which is invulnerable. The armadillo, when pursued by an enemy, immediately doubles itself up into the form of a perfect sphere, every square inch of which is protected by its armor, in which shape, ladies and gents, it was used by the cave man, or prehistoric progenitor of our race, in playing the game of baseball. Pass on now to the next cage, which contains the celebrated orthomychus, the missing link between the bird and the beast."—Chicago Tribune.

Players of the Period

No. 31.—Maxine Elliott.



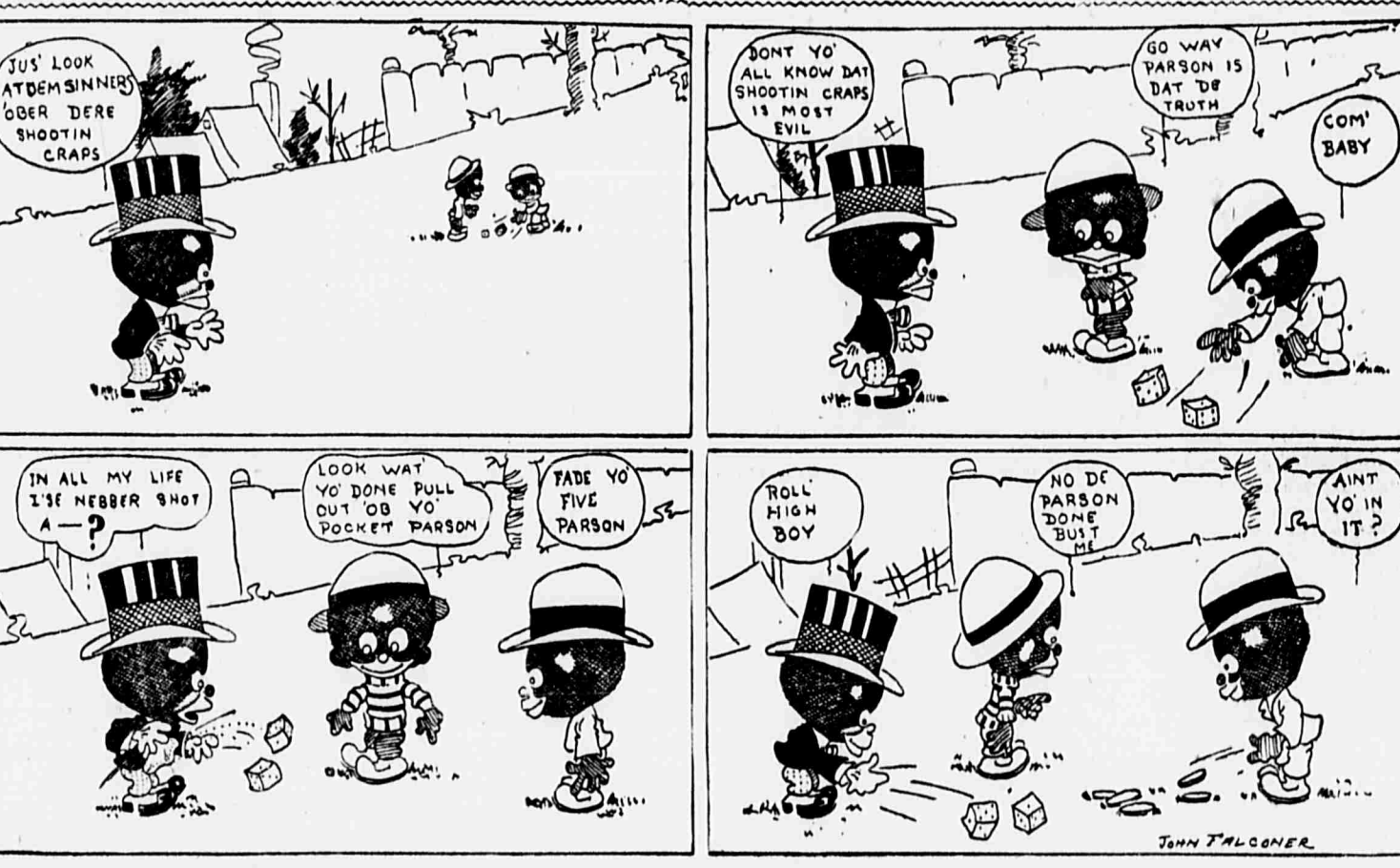
MAXINE ELLIOTT, who recently lost her second husband and acquired her first theatre, was born in Rockland, Me., in 1871, her real name being Jessie Dermott. The daughter of Thomas Dermott, a sea-captain, she passed part of her early girlhood in a voyage to South America and Spain, previous to which, however, she completed her school days at the Notre Dame Academy, Roxbury, Mass. Upon her resolve to follow a stage career she came to New York in 1890, and made her debut at Palmer's Theatre on Nov. 10 in the support of E. S. Willard, this also being the occasion of this actor's first appearance before an American audience. Miss Elliott's first part was Felicia Untraville in 'The Middleman,' and among her other roles in the Willard repertoire were Virginia Fleetwood in 'John Noddy's Double,' Mary in 'Old Soldiers,' Beatrice Selwyn in 'A Fool's Paradise,' Lady Eve Asgaby in 'Judith,' and Lady Gilding in 'The Professor's Love Story.'

After three seasons in Mr. Willard's support, Miss Elliott spent practically an entire season at the American Theatre, where on Sept. 15, 1893, she was Violet Woodmere, in 'The Prodigal Daughter,' on Dec. 23, she was Cora, in 'The Voyage of Suzette,' and on May 14, 1894, she was Kate Malcolm, in 'Sister Mary.' In the fall of 1894 she started out as leading woman with Rose Coghlan, being cast for the following plays: Dora, in 'Diplomacy,' Mrs. Al-lenby, in 'A Woman of No Importance,' Grace Harkaway, in 'London Assurance,' the Baroness de la Bruyere, in 'To Nemesis,' and Alice Varney, in 'Forget-Me-Not.' After half a season in the Coghlan surroundings, Miss Elliott joined Augustin Daly's Company on Jan. 15, 1895, remaining

with this organization just exactly a year, during which time she gained an invaluable amount of experience in the following roles: Ophelia, in 'The Heart of Ruby,' Katrina, in 'The Orient Express,' Sylvia, in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Oriana Dangery, in 'Nancy and Co.,' Alma Brinton, in 'A Bundle of Lies,' Volante, in 'The Honey-moon,' Hermita, in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' Seba Barth, in 'The Transit of Leo,' Olivia, in 'Twelfth Night,' and the Widow Stevenson, in 'The Two Escutcheons,' certainly a year's brilliant record. She went to London with this company in 1896, making her debut at Daly's Theatre, on July 2, in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' appearing the week following in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' Miss Elliott, in the spring of 1896, was seen at the Fifth Avenue Theatre as Eleanor Cuthbert, in 'A House of Cards,' and that summer she went to San Francisco and shared with Blanche Bates the leading roles with the Frawley Stock Company. It was during this engagement that she met Nat C. Goodwin, who was embarking upon an Australian tour, and he promptly engaged her as his principal support in the antipodes. The Goodwin-Elliott combination lasted until the spring of 1897, during which time she played the following parts: Margaret Ruthven in 'A Glided Fool,' and Kate Vernon in 'In Mis-souria,' 1896; Beatrice Carew in 'An American Citizen,' 1897; Alice Adams in 'Nathan Hale,' 1898; Mrs. Weston in 'The Cowboy and the Lady,' 1899; Phyllis Erlson in 'When We Were Twenty-one,' 1900; Portia in 'The Merchant of Venice,' 1901, and Sally Sartoris in 'The Altar of Friendship,' 1902. The season of 1902-03 Miss Elliott made her debut as a star in 'Her Own Way,' which lasted her two seasons, and then came an equal length of time in 'Her Great Match.' She began the season of 1903-04 in 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' afterward producing 'Myself-Betelling' on tour. She began the present season in the latter piece, and Dec. 30, 1908, she opened Maxine Elliott's Theatre in 'The Chaperon,' being the head and moving spirit of the new play-house which bears her name.

Pahson Johnson He Doan' Nevah Gamble

By John Falconer



Love and Hypnotism Rule This Romance

(Copyright, 1908, by Augustus Thomas.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT. Jack Brookfield, a Louisville, Ky., gambler, gives a box party at the opera. His daughter, Viola, his former sweetheart, Mrs. Whipple, becomes aware of a subtle power he possesses whereby he can influence the minds of others. He goes to the dining room ahead of the rest to ask the colored butler Harvey for a drink.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

A Supper Party.

WHETHER it was the recollection of this permanent and enforced separation or his failure to take the glass of water Harvey handed him, there came into Ellinger's eyes a gentle moisture. He removed it with a needlessly sheer handkerchief which he found in his left cuff after a fluttering search elsewhere. Ellinger heard himself inquired for in the next room. There was the hum of women's voices mingling with the deeper tones of the men, and he had just time to meet the party at the doorway. With a facile mendacity that deceived nobody, Lew said: 'I've inspected everything, Jack, and it's perfect. Ladies, we are to be congratulated.' 'What a beautiful room!' Helen exclaimed, as they entered the dining-room. Brookfield deferred the compliment to her son. 'You're?' Mrs. Whipple exclaimed, 'Why, Clay, dear?'

The Witching Hour

Great Story From a Great Play

By Augustus Thomas

Mind vs. Crime One Man's Power

'There's one somewhat like it in a chattered mess,' the boy confessed; 'it's pretty hard, mother, to be entirely original.' Then Jack came to his assistance. 'Clay's problem here was to follow his Touraine model, without the height of the original, and not have the room seem squat. I think he answered it by the refinement and number of the cross-beds; but however he did it he answered it satisfactorily, and that's sufficient success for a brother.' Hardmuth's laugh, which he offered as a recognition of Jack's pleasantry, was a too rasping enforcement of it, and turned an intended compliment into seeming criticism. Clay frowned petulantly, but Brookfield, with a counterpointing tact which was a marked possession of his, continued: 'And I'm going to put the distinguished architect on my right. 'Not Helen?' his sister inquired. 'I want Helen where I can look at her,' and Brookfield cast an explanatory glance toward the boy that would have revealed the situation to a mother much less intuitive than Helen Whipple, who already divined the rivalry between Hardmuth and her son, and was grateful for Jack's sympathy. 'We're seven, aren't we?' Jack hurried on. 'We are—seven.' Lew recoiled, in labored repetition, with mildly literary enjoyment of possible quotation. 'And seven into sixty goes eight times and a half,' Brookfield said, indicating the outline of the round table as he drew out his watch. 'Into sixty?' Mrs. Campbell asked. She always needed a guidebook when conversing with her brother, who was wont to leave her, ignoring her questions, to find his own way. 'What's that?' Mrs. Whipple exclaimed, 'Why, Clay, dear?'

which his thumb picked out the points. 'Assume that I'm standing at twelve o'clock, Clay will be at eight minutes to my right, you will be two minutes of two, dear Alice, and Mr. Ellinger will be three-thirty. Helen, will you take that chair near five o'clock? Mr. Hardmuth will sit at seven, and that leaves Viola between Mr. Hardmuth and Clay, at about two minutes of nine.' 'Well, what do you think of that?' Ellinger beamed, in mediocre admiration, as he found his chair between the two older women. 'Isn't that just like him?' Helen remembered that it was. 'As like him as two peas,' Ellinger rambled on. 'Inconsequently, Jack turns everything into a diagram. I saw him draw an after-dinner speech once on a table-cloth. Yes, sir—draw it, and it was a blamed good speech—but to look at it—reminded me of a dog's pedigree, exactly.' Helen would have understood the diagram quite as clearly as she understood Lew's smiles, but she recalled without assistance that sculptor-like quality in Jack of mentally seeing all things, tangible or intangible, in geometric plan. 'This affectionate of density concerning the place of honor doesn't deceive you and me, Miss Viola, does it?' Hardmuth asked, as they sat down. 'We know it's to the right of the lady.' 'Uncle Jack selected Mrs. Whipple as the lady to sit opposite him, and Mr. Ellinger's at her right,' she replied. 'There's no lady opposite me, Viola,' her uncle corrected; 'your disposition of seven leaves that a vacant spot, as you see. It symbolizes the tragedy of a bachelor's life.'

'He means one of the tragedies,' Ellinger stage whispered to Helen, in mock consolation. 'Exactly,' added Hardmuth, from her left. 'That tragedy poet of Mr. Brookfield's is what men in my business call an "alibi".' 'And may I ask, Mr. Hardmuth, what men in your business do?' 'Men in his business are the awful prosecuting attorneys of this country,' Ellinger answered, warningly. 'You see the beauty of my method, Mrs. Whipple,' Jack remarked, sagely. 'Seating you between Mr. Hardmuth and a questionable person like Mr. Ellinger is what I call tempering justice with mercy.' 'Do you understand what they're talking about?' Viola's mother asked, helplessly. 'I try not to,' Helen answered, smiling. 'Here's something, my dear sister, really addressed to your comprehension.' and Brookfield indicated the cup Harvey had just put on Mrs. Campbell's plate. 'I think it's gumbo,' Ellinger whispered to Helen—'chicken gumbo strained—this old dandy beats the world at it—just enough of everything—taste it—see, notice how you get the chicken and the celery and the pepper and the gumbo and the salt and the consomme, each one answerin' like a roll call in a Bible class—ain't it perfect?'

Ellinger's voice seemed to fit in with the half-light of the room, the old flash of the furniture and the ivory tint of the dollies. It was the voice of a vintage—a voice that could have issued only from that genial, ruddy face whose permeating good-nature was the compensation and perhaps the product of its dulness. Helen remembered Lew Ellinger in his early forties, more than twenty years before, when the hair, now white, carried only a tinge of gray at the temples and the short mustache was black. She remembered his clothes. That had been an epoch of wide braid and stick facings in men's wardrobes. She remembered being told that it was a point of pride with Lew never to be seen without a fresh pink in his button-hole. He was wearing a pink to-night. The voice had been mellow in those days. It was now almost demoralizing in its suggestion of creature comforts, in its muffled, oily and smoky familiarity. Helen recalled Ellinger's reputation of that olden time—a perfect gentleman, reliable, punctilious in all circumstances as long as a lady did not forget herself—despite which reassurance from the passing biographer grandma had not permitted mother to go driving with Mr. Ellinger. And here he was to-night, smiling to Helen herself in quite disappointing harmlessness, his glowing face with its keen little eyes of blue presenting all the colors of an American flag. Through the mist of her wandering attention Helen retrieved his voice and laid hold again of its message. '—And then he varnishes the inside of the tomato with hot paraffin, lets it cool, and puts the ice-cream and the muskmelon inside of it,' Ellinger was saying. 'Was he still talking of Harvey?' 'And how long have you known him, Mr. Ellinger?' Helen recomposed. 'Why, he cooked for Jack's father.'

Meditations of a Married Man

By Clarence L. Cullen.



CLARENCE L. CULLEN

NO matter how thorough it is, a woman may have reduced her husband to subjection, she hates to have it said of her that 'she wears the trousers'—er—well, that she wears 'em. If the suffragists ever should win out, can't you see those 'Votes for Women' badges changed to read, 'Gloats for Women.' Yes, Vashit, women are great defenders of and boosters for their sex. That's the reason why so many of them are now sending boxes of choice old flowers to a jailed wife-beater in St. Louis. One reason why some women are so fond of the moving picture shows is that amid the encircling gloaming they have a chance to get at and use the powder rag, which is kept next the bank roll. (You have two guesses as to where that is.) A sculptor of our acquaintance, who is engaged upon a statuette (a nude) to be called 'Hate,' frequently plays poker in a woman's game. He is studying the facial expressions of the women who lose when they are looking at the women who win. You don't need to keep a parrot in the flat when your wife, who is studying French, learns how to say 'tres bien' and 'toujours' and 'volla' and a few little things like those. One of the adjoined reasons why a Minneapolis woman is suing her husband for a separation is that, instead of chirping to her or playing with the cat, he spends his evenings reading Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Another abysmal brute revealed in his sin! If consistency's a jewel and all like that, why is it that so many women anti-divisicnists wear dead birds on their hats? No man ever kicks again about the high-heeled shoes his wife wears after he has seen her try on a pair of so-called 'common-sense' shoes. What's the exact percentage of women who would start for the theatre without their belts or with their pockets unhooked if their husbands weren't on the job to remind them of these things? Would Marc Antony, for love of Cleopatra, have bid 'Rome in Tiber melt and the wide arch of the rang'd Empire fall' if Cleopatra had been in the habit of harping upon the minute details of her indigestion? Would Paris have 'scaled Ilium's walls' to kidnap Helen of Troy if he had ever seen her take a cold pork chop out of the ice box and eat it while holding it in her hands? Would Romeo have risked banishment, the booby hatch and the demeriton bow-wow in general for Juliet had he ever caught her yavelling her nose for a cold in the head? A woman whose husband is niggardly with his compliments would rather have him say, 'You are looking mighty attractive to-night, my dear,' than to have him give her a \$5 note—nearly. When, upon coming home pretty late, you stake your wife to an unusually affectionate caress, she is liable to suspect that you're doing it to atone to yourself and to her for the guilt of a sin—submerged soul. Familiar quotation (usually accompanied by obligate of sobs): 'Well, when I'm dead and gone you'll—&c., &c. Some women are so sensitive about their age that they won't even acknowledge that they remember the antique period (fully ten years ago) when the sex abandoned round garters for hose supporters. When a man hears a woman say (as a good many of them do say), 'Sakes alive, but if I were only a man wouldn't I know how to go about it to have fun, though,' he just wonders and wonders and wonders what she can mean.

My "Cycle of Readings,"

By Count Tolstoy.

Translated by Herman Bernstein.

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The italicized paragraphs are Count Tolstoy's original comments on the subject.

Effort.

GOOD life may be attained only through close application and constant effort.

FEB. 17.

THE kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.—St. Matthew, xi, 12.

JUST as much power is necessary for a consequential fulfilment of small duties as for an heroic act.—Rousseau.

THE man who, while walking along a difficult road, is doubting whether he will be able to continue to go to his destination is like the man who knows where virtue is and yet doubts its truthfulness. He cannot follow along the road of virtue because he doubts.

Doubts will exist as long as we live in this world, but we should strive along the road of virtue like a man who sees on his way a path along an abyss and he follows it.—Chinese Buddhism.

ASK and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.

For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.—St. Matthew, vii, 7-8.

TRY to lead the life most conformable to virtue, said Pythagoras. It maybe the most difficult, but as you grow accustomed to it it becomes the most joyous.

IN order not to spill a full vessel it is necessary to hold it straight. In order that a blade shall be sharp it is necessary to sharpen it.—Lao-Tse.

IF you would have bliss perform the will of God. You can fulfil the will of God only by making an effort. Effort is rewarded not only by joyous life, but the very effort makes you realize that you are participating in the work of God.

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